

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

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OF  
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SYDNEY.

Vol. 9. No. 11. 4th January, 1937.



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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club,  
157 Elizabeth St., Sydney*

Vol. 9.

JANUARY 4.

No. 11.

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•

*Treasurer:*

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•

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 8th May, 1937.

# The Club Man's Diary

The glad New Year is with us at last. This is January, 1937. The daily newspapers are so dated—unless, of course, a mistake has been made.

Let me now regiment and rationalise the people and events crowding into that period of celebration. Fine weather blessed the proceedings for the most part, although there were some who claimed that it proved very wet betimes. We are not too clear about that.

\* \* \*

Anyhow, Mr. John A. Roles was clear on this point: It wouldn't be wet on the course on New Year's Day. He arrived in tropical outfit, including topee, outmatching Mr. Jack Shaw sartorially, and beating to it by one day Mr. George Marlow, who didn't sport his topee until Warwick Farm.

\* \* \*

Now, the point is, of course: Did Mr. Roles get away from the course before the downpour? I ask this because of a tender memory of Mr. Dave Levy being on a past occasion marooned in the Club, surveying Hyde Park being lashed by a storm—and he in Assam silk!

\* \* \*

In any case, while I swung between fancies for Silver Rose and Tuckiar, in the first, I would have liked to have known what "Young Sam" Hordern told John A. Roles, as together they walked towards the ring.

\* \* \*

You know, you cannot get on to things as pleasantly as did Mr. P. Kearns, Commissioner of the Rural Bank and, on this day, a guest of the Club. First time at Randwick in 30 years, and told by a friend to back Silver Rose!

\* \* \*

When Mr. Alf. Collins returned recently from England, he told us of the ex-King's horses, and how people were waiting to see the Royal colours again after the period of mourning. What now?

When Tuckiar failed me in the first, I took care not to tear up the larger of the two tickets in my pocket—the invitation to the Club's luncheon.

The entrance of Sir Samuel Hordern, recently returned from abroad, led to a round of greetings. He walked across and shook hands



Sir Samuel Hordern.

with several of the waitresses in that friendly fashion that has always stamped this sportsman.

\* \* \*

The chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) submitted only the one toast, that of "The King," a custom that commends itself by its good sense.

\* \* \*

King George VI. is the best, if not the most spectacular horseman, of the Royal brothers, and it is probable that he will follow the example of his late father, in due course.

\* \* \*

A drink with Mr. Reg Alderson, and a talk about cricket. Here's a sportsman who regards Test matches as they were designed originally—as games. Some of us begin to tire of the other thing.

I was dragged across to the bar by an old friend who takes his sport seriously. What had happened? Couldn't pick a winner? No, simply that Bradman had gone for 13—not 113.

\* \* \*

Do you ever go across and look at the horses in their stables? I saw Oro have his face washed three times, his eyes and his mouth cleaned out—and that apart from routine grooming!

\* \* \*

Ordinarily the black colt, Punjab, would need little titivating to attract; but before the stable lad gave the word to Mr. Jack King to lead the three-year-old out, the lad brushed Punjab's fringe and tail with extreme care. Punjab didn't win, but "thoroughness" is a motto that gets there in the end.

\* \* \*

Mr. W. C. Douglass might have felt his ears tingling before the start of Tattersall's Club Cup, for behind him in the official stand were a crowd who had supported Mananui. Well, they got a good run for their money.

That was the high note of the two day' meeting. With fine weather, satisfactory fields, and exciting racing, we all got a good run for our money, so far as the sport was concerned.



Auto Buz, winner of Tattersall's Club Cup, 1st January, 1937, in race record time, 2 min. 30 $\frac{1}{4}$  sec.

Mr. Adolph Basser, managing director of Saunders Ltd., was accorded a bon voyage luncheon in the Club. This man of very many friends will have an opportunity during his world tour of testing the accuracy of his swing and the potency of his putting on famous golf courses.

He will be a fine ambassador for Australia wherever he goes, because of his personality, and because of the splendid faith he holds in his country.

\* \* \*

Mr. J. C. McKeown died just as the Old Year was drawing to a close. A few days previously he had undergone an operation. Mr. McKeown had been a member of Sydney Stock Exchange for the past 10 years, and enjoyed the highest reputation in the business world. As a member of this Club we shall miss his cheerful presence.

\* \* \*

Members condoled with Mr. A. J. (Joe) Matthews in the recent passing of his wife, and we, at this first opportunity, associate ourselves with their genuine tributes of sympathy. Mr. Matthews has suffered a crushing loss, but we trust that our sincere sentiments will provide consolation, in some measure.

\* \* \*

The death of our Club member, Mr. J. G. Chidgey, came with tragic suddenness. He had just boarded a vessel for New Zealand, cheerful at the prospect of a holiday after the busy Christmas-New Year business period, when he col-

lapsed. It proved the end of an active life as a chartered accountant, and, in recent years, as general manager of the Fresh Food and Ice Co.

Mr. Chidgey stuck rigorously to his business desk and built up a great record of achievement. Yet he was not a man to shut himself out from the companionship of friends, or neglect the tonic of



*The late Mr. J. G. Chidgey.*

sport, especially racing. He had more than a punter's interest in the turf, and often told this writer that he loved the spectacle of the crowds and got a genuine thrill from the assorted excitements of the racing game.

He was always ready to lose on a good horse; always eager to meet a sportsman. They were his Kith and Kin.

\* \* \*

A Scotsman gave his blood to save a millionaire's life. He was paid £500.

A second transfusion was found to be necessary and the Scotsman again obliged. For this operation he received only £100.

To complete the cure the Scotsman gave his blood a third time. By now the millionaire was restored to health. But the Scotch blood had prevailed. There was no further reward.

## JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

- 1st. P. Kearns.
- 8th F. G. Spurway.
- 9th D. W. Lynch.
- 10th. J. A. Chew.
- 13th. J. Brennan.
- 14th. E. D. Clark.
- 16th. A. C. W. Hill.
- 21st. Hon. J. M. Dunningham, M.L.A.
- 30th. R. H. Alderson.

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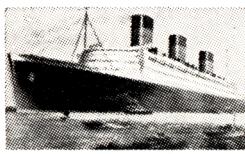
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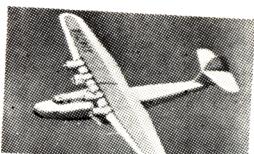
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# Frederick Archer

(By Godfrey Bosville in the Badminton Magazine of Sports and Pastimes)

Many years have elapsed since this wonderful jockey, in shattered health, groped for a revolver within his reach, and, pulling the trigger, terminated one of the most extraordinary careers that has ever been connected with Turf history.

Yet, strangely enough, the appalling suddenness of his awful end seemed in perfect harmony with his fearless, overbearing disposition. To die when quite young, with his name still fresh upon all lips, to leave in his prime the race-course he loved so well, and to pass

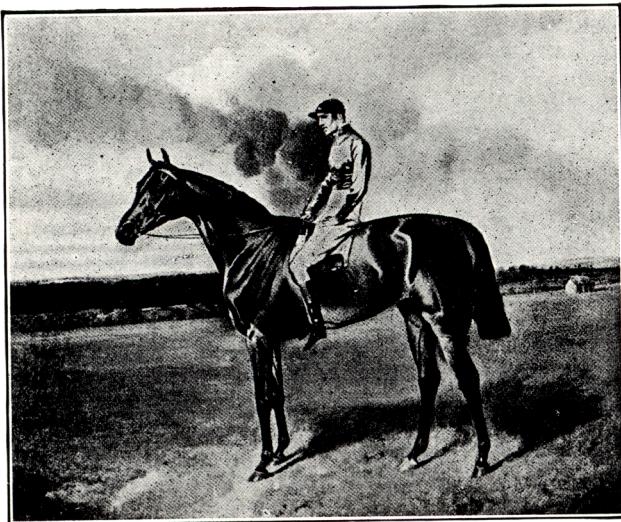
was so spick-and-span that he narrowly escaped being a dandy; his racing cap and jacket were most carefully arranged, and his irreproachable breeches and neat top-boots fitted faultlessly.

Fred Archer was the chief exponent of nigger-driving jockeys. When racing he gave the impression of being chronically on the alert, whilst he communicated his own lightning quickness to whatsoever horse he rode. He may be said to have forced the very maximum exertion out of every mount.

fell he always gained something, an advantage he often maintained to the end when the distance was five furlongs. He loved riding any sort of race; whether Derby winner or "selling plater," in his iron grip it was coaxed, or more likely punished, until he got it home, ridden hard the whole way through with good judgment. The profound contempt he appeared to hold his fellow-creatures in was not entirely unprovoked. If "Archer was up" on a complete outsider, whose previous performance showed inferior form, it did not prevent the public from backing the idol; it was the jockey they depended on, not the horse, and the price shortened in a most amazing manner. Love of applause, concealed from the outer world by a careless look on his face, a wounded vanity, and a most violent temper, often gave rise to exhibitions of unnecessary severity. "Archer wins!" or "Archer's beat!" might be heard all over the densely packed stands. Then the great jockey would be seen coming up the straight, sitting down in his saddle, spurring and thrashing a beaten horse, the loud cracks resounding yet again and again even after the winning post had been passed.

But those head finishes! Ah, how different was the scene when the finest horseman in the world had a mount worthy of his genius—for he had genius! When every inch was disputed by jockeys who were his equals in many respects, when a mass of bright silk, white breeches, and glossy thoroughbreds rounded Tattenham Corner "all of a heap" and Archer, hugging the white rails from start to finish as was his wont, suddenly shot out of the Derby group, amidst yells for the favourite, which lasted until the numbers went up and the "all right" was called. Oh! those days when racing was the finest of the fine arts; long will they be remembered, never will they be seen again; for Archer is dead.

Yet he had worthy rivals; a Tom Cannon, a Wood, a Fordham, and an Osborne, were all foemen worthy



ORMONDE (Fred Archer up).

away into the unknown, was the self-chosen fate of an almost ideal horseman.

When in repose, Archer's striking face had a dreamy expression, but no sooner did his strong well-shaped hands feel the touch of the reins than a curiously earnest look crept over the corners of his mouth, his brow wrinkled into a frown, and his eyes lit up with ill-suppressed excitement. The superhuman energy so prominent in the deceased jockey was indicated in every curve and attitude of his lithe and beautifully proportioned figure. Probably no horseman ever got into the saddle who had more perfectly shaped legs for riding, they were long, thin, and straightly put on, but not in the least bowed; he was tall and slight. In colours he

For the moment he seemed to inspire his horse with his own determination, riding energetically every yard of the way, and finishing in a marvellous style with the most brilliant dash.

He was scarcely ever shut in, and had no scruples whatsoever about putting anyone over the rails who got in his way, neither giving nor expecting to receive any quarter. From choice he preferred waiting on his opponents to making the pace and was in the habit of coming up on the rails, like a whirlwind, catching the leading horses in the last few strides, and making a close finish amidst breathless interest. This extraordinary jockey was quicker at getting away than any amateur or professional in the annals of racing. Directly the flag

of his steel. Still, when we recall the palmiest days of flat racing, Archer's head victories, and his untimely death, we must not overlook the dozens of horses whose hearts were broken in his desperate finishes. But, in spite of all, his fame is imperishable, and the efforts of an Anti-Gambling League will never erase the name of Fred Archer from sporting literature, or lower his reputation, for he was indeed the Napoleon of the Turf.

His hands, most judges agreed, were inferior to Tom Cannon's, especially on a two-year-old, but his unrivalled success may safely be attributed to his energy, will, and distribution of weight. He varied his seat according to the nature of the ground, riding on his horse's withers on the level, and leaning back in the saddle whilst he rattled down inclines; easing slightly uphill, and finally gathering himself and his horse together, in order to make one of his superhuman efforts in those exciting finishes with which his name has so often been associated. But his ungovernable temper was vented in a thousand different ways. He achieved the highest feats of horsemanship by temporarily subduing every feeling in order to win his race, but on returning to the paddock, the pent-up passions often had their reaction. Nearly all connected with him were frightened by his explosions of wrath and cruel biting words. Many jockeys, trainers, and even owners quailed before his overbearing manner and supercilious airs.

In everyday dress he did not affect the horsey style, but his clothes were exceptionally well cut, and his tie neatly arranged. Archer's restless spirit yearned after excitement;

only for a few moments was he capable of controlling his fierce passions, and his high-strung nature found an outlet in physical deeds of daring.

In the zenith of his fame no day was too long for him, or no feat that is possible in a flat race too difficult for him to accomplish. He hated pedestrian exercise, was most abstemious in his use of alcohol, and we may safely aver that the only fear he experienced was the dread of his ever-increasing weight. Away from a racecourse he grew gloomy and despondent, whilst the dreamy, almost pensive, eyes seemed to betoken a prophetic knowledge of a violent death.

His face was swarthy for an Englishman; he walked with a stoop, and when riding hunched his back more than most jockeys; whilst his general appearance was that of a delicate man, who scorned yet had grown accustomed to public flattery. There have been many conjectures as to how good Fred Archer really was, and few questions could be more difficult to answer. On a three-year-old, or aged horse, he was probably about two pounds better than any jockey of the past or present generation, his lightning starts giving him especial advantage in five-furlong races. Tom Cannon was his equal, however, and many consider his superior, on a two-year-old. Though the name of Fred Archer has been associated with brilliant finishes, his victories were more frequently due to his knack in "getting off" directly the flag dropped; whilst his notorious disregard for his fellow jockeys made weaker horsemen give way to him, and "the Tinman," seizing his opportunity, turned what might

otherwise have been defeat into a well-ridden victory.

The late Lord Falmouth had first call on his services, and the nickname of "the Tinman" originated from the mines on his patron's Cornish estate. Archer's love of courting danger often made him foolhardy. He delighted in rattling up to a jump without taking the trouble to even steady his horse, and not infrequently his hunters or hacks would turn a complete somersault. But quite undismayed, the jockey would remount and gallop wildly on, sometimes spilling himself and his horse at three consecutive fences.

Towards the close of his career he lost several races through sheer weakness. Turkish baths, large doses of medicine, and diet insufficient to support his frame, played sad havoc with his constitution. In spite of the large fortune he had amassed, which he seemed incapable of enjoying, his life was a misery to him, for he had reduced himself to a living skeleton; but he was temperate in his habits, and an early riser to the last, and passionately fond of riding gallops.

Though education and different pursuits make poet and soldier differ from the wearer of silk on a flat racecourse, nevertheless, there are points of resemblance between Archer and Clive, whose end was similar; and there was even a certain affinity between this jockey and the satirical Byron, both delighting to dazzle the world, and ride roughshod over its feelings. Archer may have been a freak of nature, but he unquestionably possessed enormous individuality and high gifts.

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# Rural Members

## Mr. G. W. Moore.

Among the popular members of the younger generation whose forebears pioneered our great pastoral industry, the name of G. W. Moore, of "Moorelands" Station, Moree district (N.S.W.) stands forth as a typical example of inherited ability, coupled with a personality which has endeared him to all his friends and acquaintances. While yet a mere boy, the management of "Moorelands," one of Moree districts largest and best pastoral holdings, fell upon his youthful shoulders. That he successfully coped with the many difficulties which confronted him in the performance of this task with credit and distinction, only goes to show that Gerald is a worthy "chip off the old block." Apart from station management, he has few, if any hobbies, unless the love for a good horse with the ability to put the furlongs behind in faster time than another comes into the category of a hobby. Gerald is a dear lover of a good horse. What is more, he owns them, races them, and frequently has the pleasure of leading in a winner.

★ ★ ★

## Mr. Lionel Manchee.

It is no exaggeration to assert that the name Manchee is a household word among those associated with the pastoral industry of New South Wales, because members of that family have figured prominently throughout the years in advancing, by their activities, the interests of the man on the land. And so, one finds that Lionel Manchee, erstwhile squire of "Binneguy" Station, but now resident in the prosperous township of Moree (north-western N.S.W.) has played his part in the development of the district to which he belongs in strict accord with family traditions. No public movement designed to pro-

mote the welfare of the district ever seems complete without the name of Lionel Manchee figuring as one of the guiding elements. In this regard, he has, and is still, performing yeoman service, the value of which has yet to be fully appreciated by those outside the immediate circle of his intimate friends. Time, however, with its mellowing influence, will open the eyes of others to this man's service to the community. In youthful days, Lionel proved himself a footballer and cricketer of no mean ability, but of latter years his life-long urge for sport finds expression in following that game where the thunder of hoofs on the green sward, and the roar of the crowd, is sweet music to the ear, and where the simmer of silk and flashing whip delight the eye. Yes! Australia might well feel proud of her Lionel Manchee's. She would be richer, infinitely richer, if there were more of his kind.

★ ★ ★

## Mr. Con. Murray.

If you should happen to be wandering around Inverell, a prosperous township situate on the Mc-Intyre River (N.S.W.), with one of the State's richest pastoral and agricultural districts surrounding it, and chance to meet a man, woman, or child, who does not know Con. Murray, it's safe to conclude you have met with a perfect stranger to the town and district. Con. is not as old as dear knows when, but it's so long now since he started as a stock and station agent in Inverell, that old hands, when the question is put to them, scratch their heads, mutter some unintelligible words, and finally remark: "Well, I'm dashed if I know when it was." However, it is a fact that many years ago he did start a commission agency, it is a fact that it was, and is, one of the most successful enterprises of its kind ever launched in the rural districts of the State, and it is a fact that the whole of the credit for this success was due to the untiring efforts and abi-

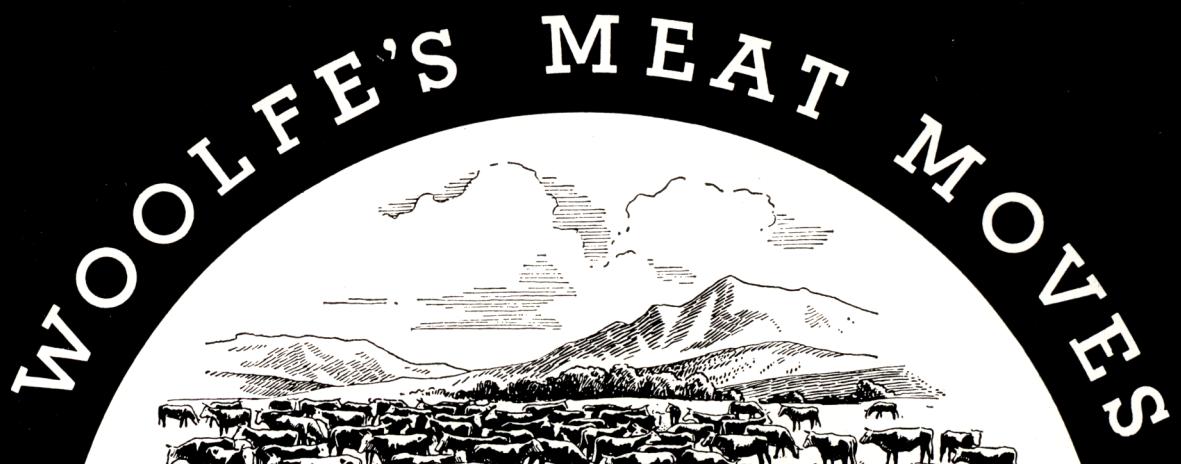
lity of one man—Cornelius Murray. This is not his only claim to distinction. This is not why he is so well known. It is because of service rendered to the community in a multitude of ways. Service rendered without thought of reward. And yet, if the time should ever come when Inverell decides to prepare a roll of honour on which to inscribe the names of its notable citizens, certain it is that the first name you will find on it, in letters of gold, will be that of Cornelius Murray.

★ ★ ★

## Mr. Rupert Law.

Fellow members travelling through western N.S.W. will find a very entertaining and kindred spirit at Orange, where Rupert Law spends most of his time each year.

The terminology of the foregoing sentence is correct in every detail. Rupert does spend a deal of time in Orange, for most of his business interests lay therein, but he is not by any means lost to the city proper where he has a fine home at Randwick, just near the famous course. Asked if he had a permanent address, Rupert has declared such to be the case, and also that he can name it if given the day. Truth is that he travels up and down each week, and can tell you to a fraction of a minute just where he will be at a given time. For instance, he is able to advise you beforehand that on, say, Friday morning next at 1.15 a.m. he will be sipping hot coffee at Mt. Victoria, or that at 5.10 a.m. he will be able to pass the time of day with you at Penrith Railway Station. And so on ad lib, but he is mostly known for his ability to quote and operate on the flour market at a moment's notice. For long since have his services and advice been sought by the biggest millers in the State, and it is safe to say that nothing of import happens in this very large section of our primary productions that misses the eagle eye of the genial one.



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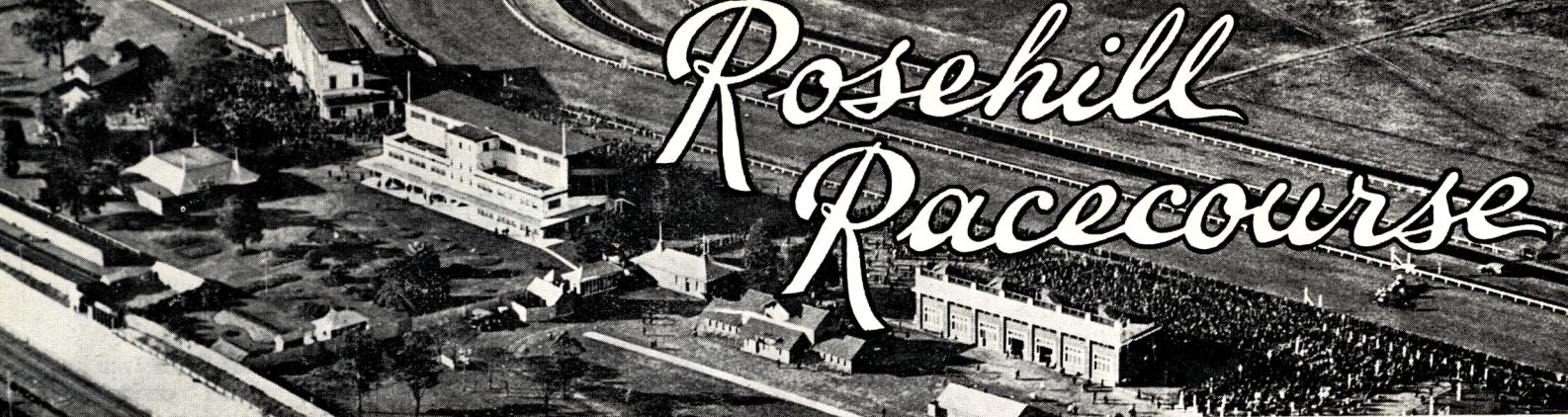
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# Rosehill Racecourse



## ROSEHILL'S PROGRESS Just Over Fifty Years

Workmen were still busy on the Rosehill Racecourse when its gates were opened on April 18, 1885.

Time has marched on since that day, and, in many respects, the oldest associations of Rosehill have been maintained, despite the improvement on the primitive appointments of those early days.

Even then opportunists were about, for it is said of one well-known identity of these days, that he seized the opportunity at a glance. Doffing his coat, he picked up a workman's spade, and walked in unchallenged. It was one of those occasions when a spade could not be called a spade, but a ticket of admission.

In common with other present-day proprietary clubs, the Rosehill Club began as a pure and simple racing club, run for entertainment of its members. As such it remained for a brief four years, for in September, 1889, the late Mr. John Bennett founded a company. The first directors included Messrs. Henry Harris, Samuel Ockman, Robert Carter, William Clark and W. C. Hill. Later, Mr. Harris became Chairman, then Mr. Hill, and in 1920 the present Chairman, Mr. Theo Marks, took over the reins and has held them capably ever since, his fellow directors now being Messrs. F. J. Smith, P. O. Jones, and H. L. Carter.

Transport, or the difficulties of it, cannot be disassociated from the histories of racing clubs in Australia. Early days at Rosehill provided their share of adventure by road and river, and time had to be no object. Travel was diversified, for racegoers could go by rail to Granville, or by river steamer, and then

by tram or coach to the Course. The river trip was much favoured by those who preferred a real day out. About the year 1900, the steam trains commenced running to the Course, and last month saw the first electric train service.

With some improvements the old stands and appointments were made to do service until 1923, when the present-day structures came into being. Generally, these have been brought up-to-date, and the enclosures improved until they compare favourably with those of any suburban course in Sydney.

The name of Rowe appears to be almost inseparable from Rosehill. The late Mr. G. W. S. Rowe was the first Secretary, but he resigned after a brief period to be followed in succession by Messrs. G. B. Rowley, P. O'Mara, and Jones Denmeade. In 1904, Mr. Rowe came back again, and directed the Club's affairs until 1931, when on his death his youngest son, Mr. Reginald Rowe, took over and has carried on until the present time.

The opening meeting at Rosehill just over 51 years ago, saw all the leading Turf identities of the day well to the fore. The Hon. James White, who carried nearly all before him, was represented, Mr. W. A. Long whose champion was Grand Flaneur, and Mr. W. J. Forrester, known then as "Red Bill" to distinguish him from the squire of Warwick Farm, who was designated "Block Bill," and the owner of successive Melbourne Cup winners, Gaulus and The Graftor.

Riding at this inaugural meeting were Frank McGrath, T. Wieriker (who was honoured by his colleagues on Villiers Stakes day at

Randwick last month), and S. La-mond, Snr.

The Rosehill Club has endeavoured to do its share in the provision of classic and weight-for-age racing. The Rosehill Guineas, now one of the main events for three-year-olds in the Spring, was introduced in 1910. Later the Hill Stakes in the Spring, and the Rawson Stakes in the Autumn, were included in programmes, and have attracted some of the best weight-for-age horses of recent years.

Looking back over the records reveals that the Club had its trials and tribulations. In August, of 1886, the meeting was anything but a joy, although the Government House party, headed by Lord Carrington and Admiral Tryon, were in attendance. Steamers were late, vehicular accommodation scarce, and hundreds had to walk through inches of mud and mire. Even more upsetting was the non-arrival of the liquor supply, a distressing omission, until half way through the afternoon. Added to this, the Course was fog bound for the last two races, which could not be timed.

It is interesting to look back at the programmes of those days, when five events appeared to be the main, the total for the day being £775, with the Rosehill Handicap a sweepstakes of £10, with £300 added.

Since those days the Rosehill Club has proved a worthy subsidiary to Randwick and the A.J.C. With the latest adjunct, the electric rail service, it is even closer to the city than ever, and should continue to prosper as much as it has done in the past.

# The Wonders of Diet

Condensed  
from Fortune

Man can eat anything a pig can eat. And a lot more. Curator Fat-tig, of Emory University, has eaten over 10,000 bugs, and other foreign substances, including bits of glass, to convince magistrates that foreign matter in soft drinks is no cause for a damage suit. People have been found eating earth in practically every country in the world. Man, it seems, can eat almost anything.

Some people choose their food solely for the pleasure it gives their palates, while others seem to make a national art of dreary cooking. Only a 20-mile strip of English Channel separates the bubbling pots of *petite marmite* and the stark platters of boiled mutton. So uninspiring is English fare that the late Walter Hines Page was moved to remark: "They have only two vegetables and both of them are cabbage."

From his English fathers, the American inherited a passionless attitude toward eating. Occasionally he orders lobster Newburg or baked Alaska, but he is convinced that such food is "rich" and therefore bad for him. He believes it because someone told him so, which is why he believes that rice shot from guns, yeast-impregnated chocolate and a fluid called Juice-O-Veg are good for him. Americans are anxious to believe that by eating a certain way one can achieve the life buoyant and vigorous.

Such food faddishness is largely due to ignorance. Almost no one takes the trouble to find out what food is, or even what the human digestive system is. For example, the stomach is generally thought of as the main eating organ, and its well-being the object of all diets. Actually it is a minor piece in the digestive apparatus and has been cut out of both men and beasts without affecting their eating efficiency.

The full stomach is no more than a squash-shaped food hamper, about as big as a football, located on the left side where most people think their heart is. (The heart is higher up near the middle of the chest.) And the empty stomach is a shrivelled worm somewhat larger than

the index finger. Besides acting as the storeroom for a full meal, its main function is to start the break-up of certain foods. It partially digests protein, but carbohydrates are digested first by the saliva, then by the juices in the intestine which act with equal efficiency on fats, carbohydrates, and proteins. The stomach is responsible for a good deal of confusion about eating because it is a liar. It pretends to be concerned only with the digestive system whereas it is influenced by the nervous system. Love and hate and fear and anger react upon it, and thus upon you, to a degree that caused William James years ago to call it "the sounding board of the emotions." Thus you may suffer acute indigestion from the blandest meal because you have to make a speech or are worried about your job.

In an attempt to determine what foods cause indigestion, Drs. Alvarez and Hinshaw, of the Mayo Clinic, questioned 500 patients. Their answers seemed to prove that indigestion has too long been blamed on rich and fancy foods. Distressed by onions were 27 per cent.; by milk, butter, ice cream, raw apples, 26 per cent.; by cooked cabbage, 25 per cent.; by tomatoes, 15 per cent. The old alleged offenders, cucumbers, fat, pork, pickles and pie, scored less than 13 per cent.

Fasting is probably the oldest idea there is about eating. It is claimed that temporary fasting clears the body of impurities. But fasting is more likely to do the opposite, because when the body does not get food it burns up its own fatty tissue, shooting the unburned waste products of fat into the blood, giving you acidosis. This can easily occur when carbohydrates are not present to complete the burning of the fats. Fasting *will* reduce your weight. It *will* also reduce your supplies of all the nourishing essentials; and to make up for these losses you will have to gain back by eating what you lost by fasting. Going without break-

fast won't do much except slow you down before noon.

The fearful U.S. adult is forever receptive to trick systems of eating. For instance, the vegetarians have been going for quite a while, with their old bugaboo that excessive meat eating will give you gout, rheumatism, high blood pressure or kidney trouble. But Vilhjalmur Stefansson and his exploring companion Karsten Anderson lived for one solid year on animal food alone, at the end of which time Dr. Du Bois, famed researcher of the New York Hospital, could find no trace of any of these disorders in either of them. Meat is, in fact, one of the most efficient foods, supplying some of the most essential elements in concentrated form.

As soon as the wonders of one diet fad fade, another is ballyhooed to the status of a cult. Typical is the Hay diet. Among its chief rules are: Eat only when hungry, and then don't eat much; never eat proteins and carbohydrates at the same meal; to avoid acidosis take either a strong cathartic or a large enema every day. The facts: There is no evidence to prove that eating when you are not hungry is harmful. Some food must be eaten to provide enough matter for the muscles of the intestine to work on. Almost all foods contain both protein and carbohydrates, so it is nearly impossible to separate these foods in any diet. A daily physic cannot possibly prevent acidosis, but might bring it on if enough carbohydrates were carried away before they could help to complete the burning of fats.

The Hollywood 18-day diet is no longer popular, but similar lopsided diets have followed it. Its claim was to take off five or six pounds a week. Such diets, reducing you, will also starve you because they supply only a small part of the calories, minerals and vitamins your body needs. The better known of this type are the duets of diet: pineapple and lamb chop, baked potato and buttermilk, raw tomato and hard-boiled egg. There is a re-

(Continued on Page 20.)

# The King's Crown and its 3,000 Precious Stones

With everyone talking about the King's Coronation, how many have ever learned the story attaching to the Crown itself?

The Imperial State Crown rests in the Jewel House of the Tower of London from which it will be taken one day in the near future for the purpose of investment. It is beautiful to the eye, and its component parts are made up as follows:—

No less than 3,000 precious stones are to be found, including one large ruby irregularly polished. There are four other rubies and one large broad-spread sapphire. There are 16 other sapphires and 11 emeralds. Diamonds of the most brilliant order number no less than 1,363, which are further embellished with rose diamonds, numbering 1,273 and 147 table diamonds. Add to these four drop-shaped pearls and 273 other pearls and visualise the general effect.

The Crown is emblematic, naturally, and does not represent a huge cluster of jewels just placed here and there in artistic manner to create a pretty ornament.

Right in the centre of the front portion will be found the richest jewel of all, the great red ruby and named "The Black Prince's Ruby," and which history declares was presented to Edward the Black Prince by Pedro the Cruel, King of Castille.

Pedro, afterwards, lost his throne, and the Black Prince helped him to regain it. This ruby figured very prominently in the Crown of Queen Elizabeth, who is declared to have displayed it to the ambassador of Mary Queen of Scots, together with the words that "it is a fair ruby, like a great rocket ball."

It is known, of course, that the whole of the Crown Jewels were sold, together with the Royal regalia, during the Commonwealth and the Crown Jewels had to be entirely reformed at the Restoration. But, it is believed that the ruby written of above is identical with the original.

The main sapphire is said to have adorned the finger of Edward the Confessor. It is over 900 years old.

The present Crown was originally made for Queen Victoria, the previous one being found to be too heavy for her. Thus came about the re-modelling. The orb with the Maltese Cross is exceptionally brilliant, and great concern was shown when portion of it fell away whilst being borne through the streets of London in the early portion of the year while resting on the coffin of George V.

The inner cap is of crimson velvet, and is adapted as occasion demands, to fit the head which will wear it. In olden days, it was cus-

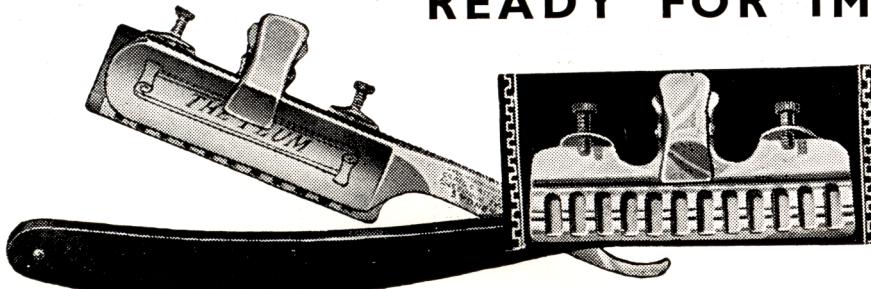
tomary for the Bishops of Durham and Wells to stand one on either side during a Coronation ceremony to take the weight as the Crown was placed on the head. The Crown, these days, is only allowed to rest on the King's head for a few minutes, when it is replaced by the lighter Imperial State Crown.

The Imperial State Crown was adorned by King Edward VII., who had placed in its centre the second largest portion of the famous "Star of Africa"—the largest diamond known.

The largest "Star of Africa" adorns the King's Royal Sceptre, which, during the Coronation ceremony, the King carries in his right hand.

There is history attached to the "Star of Africa." In 1907, General Botha and Smuts evolved the idea of making the present to the King as an act of good faith and proof of loyalty to the Throne, but the idea was not accepted with any great enthusiasm by English officials, and even Lord Esher, a great friend of the King, advised against acceptance. But King George V., then Prince of Wales, used his influence and carried the day. On no account must the Crown of England leave the country. It is valued, in mere money, round about £250,000, but its sentimental value could not possibly be calculated.

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# Death of The Tetrarch

## "The Spotted Wonder"

Among the speediest thoroughbreds the Turf of any country has ever produced, the grey horse, The Tetrarch, must take rank as one of the fastest—at any rate, up to a mile; and a review of his history may not be out of place, now that he is dead. He died on August 8th last, at the Ballyhinch Stud, Kilkenny, Ireland. To most followers of the Turf he had been "dead to the world" for five years prior to that time, for it was in July, 1930, that the last of his offspring to win a race did so at Worcester, England. By a curious coincidence, it was also at Worcester that the first of his get to win opened the scoring. During the last ten years of his life he had been sterile, and in previous seasons had got very few foals. If he had been blessed with normal procreative abilities for a normal period, it is almost certain he would have left behind him a wonderful record as a sire of high-class winners. This can be deduced from the success he achieved during the few seasons in which he stunted a fair proportion of the mares he covered. Here is a statement showing the number of living foals he got:—

1916, 15; 1917, 18; 1918, 22; 1919, 7; 1920, 23; 1921, 16; 1922, 12; 1923, 10; 1924, 4; 1925, 2; 1926, 1.

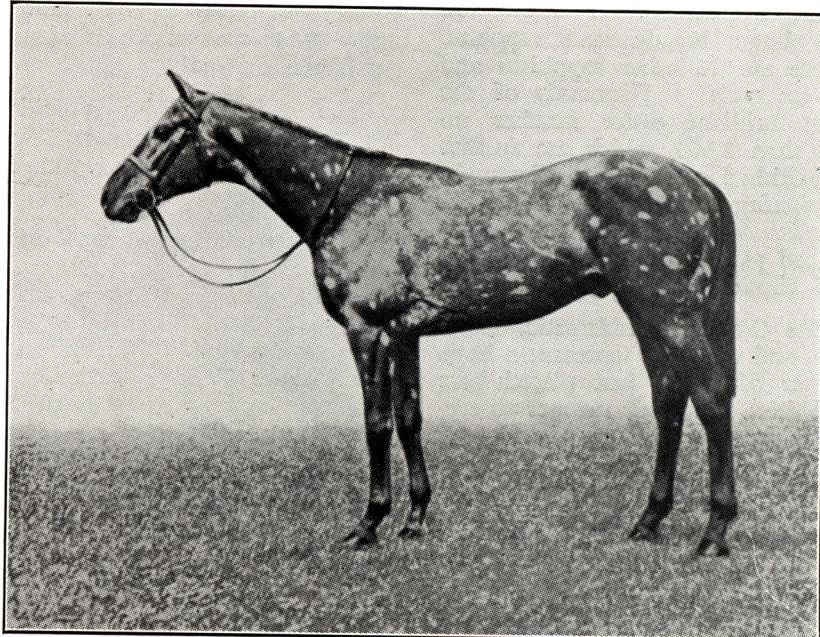
In all, therefore, The Tetrarch was the sire of 130 foals. Eighty of them won races in Great Britain and Ireland.

Foaled in 1911, The Tetrarch, a very big grey horse, was a product of the Straffan Station Stud, Kildare, Ireland, owned by the late Mr. Edward Kennedy. In 1909, Mr. Kennedy bought the French-bred horse, Roi Herode, a tail-male descendant of Thormanby. His avowed purpose when he made the purchase was to endeavour to revive in the British Isles what he called "the long-lost line of Herod." He, however, decided to keep Roi Herode in training another season, and the horse was being prepared

for the Chester Cup in 1910, when he broke down. That was at the beginning of May. The stud season was nearly over, but Mr. Kennedy had Roi Herode sent straightaway to his place in Ireland. There were then only two or three of his own mares that had not been covered. One happened to be Vahren, by Bona Vista from Castania, by Hagioscope. She had been at his stud since 1902, and up to 1907 had been barren or had slipped foal every year. In 1908, however, she

asked Kennedy what he was going to do with him. "Send him to Doncaster, of course," was the reply. "Well," replied the visitor, "if he were mine I should have him gelded and put by for a steeplechaser."

The Tetrarch went to the Doncaster yearling sales in due course, and his appearance, especially his blotchy coat, caused amusement. He was forthwith christened "the rocking horse." Mr. Daniel Gant had seen him in Ireland, and was tempted to bid for him; but when



THE TETRARCH, by Roi Herode—Vahren. Foaled 1911, died 1935, at the age of 24 years.

produced the filly Nicola, who, trained by Mr. H. S. Persse, turned out a very good sprinter. In 1909 and 1910, Vahren bred foals by John o' Gaunt, and then was mated with Roi Herode, the result being The Tetrarch. He was an odd-looking fellow, for his great size made him appear ungainly and coarse, while his grey coat was covered with white patches as if somebody had been dabbing whitewash on it. A well-known Irish breeder who saw the colt in his early days

he consulted his trainer he was as much as told "not to make a fool of himself" by buying a colt more likely to be a good hunter than a racehorse. The buyer, at 1,300 guineas, was Mr. Persse, who was attracted to him because he was half-brother to Nicola. A few weeks later Major Dermot McCalmont, for whom Mr. Persse trained, returned from India. When they met, Mr. Persse was asked whether he had bought anything at Doncaster. "Yes," said the trainer. "I bought

a colt for 1,300 guineas. You can have him for what I paid, or, if you like, we will go shares." The Major preferred to be the sole owner, and The Tetrarch became his property.

Early the following season The Tetrarch was allowed to take matters easily, so that he might develop naturally. His condition, therefore, was nothing like so advanced as that of other two-year-olds in the stable when, one morning early in April four of them, ready for racing, were to have a gallop. Mr. Persse decided to let The Tetrarch join them, but said to the boy on his back: "If they begin to leave him, just let him drop out." To the trainer's utter amazement, he saw the son of Roi Herode far in front of the others when only two furlongs had been run. Two days later The Tetrarch was, therefore, formally tried over five furlongs, and won pulling up. Second to him, carrying the same weight, was the aged horse Captain Symons, who a month later won a handicap at Chester from a three-year-old, to whom he was conceding 19 lb. Unable to credit what he had seen, Mr. Persse resorted to another trial a week after the first. This time The Tetrarch carried 14 lb. more than Captain Symons, and again beat him in a canter. The two-year-old, Land of Song, who was in the gallop, receiving 21 lb. from The Tetrarch, won the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot the first time out.

The Tetrarch had his first race at Newmarket on April 17th, the event being a Maiden Plate. Starting third favourite, at 5 to 1, in a big field, he lobbed home a winner by four lengths. Thereafter that season he went from success to success. The only time he looked in danger of defeat was when he won the National Breeders' Produce Stakes by a neck only, but he had had an "argument" with the tapes just before the barrier was raised, and, taken unawares, lost many lengths before he began to race. According to his jockey, Don-

oghue, he actually won easily. His seventh and last race that season was the Champagne Stakes, at Doncaster. By winning it, he raised the total of his earnings to £11,336.

Little did anybody imagine The Tetrarch had that day said goodbye to the Turf. It was intended to run him in the Imperial Produce Stakes, at Kempton Park, in October, but the day before he pulled up lame after a gallop. He had rapped his off foreleg. His first race the following season was to have been the Two Thousand Guineas. When, however, that event came round, he was backward, and it was decided he should wait for the Derby. In the middle of May, two weeks before Epsom, he showed remarkably good form in a gallop over 12 furlongs, but three days later again hit his off fore-leg during a half-speed gallop. The leg filled, and the colt was very lame. It was a hopeless outlook. The colt was struck out of the Derby and went to his owner's stud in Ireland at a fee of 300 guineas, eventually raised to 500 guineas.

Here is a passage in which Mr. Persse described the characteristics of The Tetrarch: "His development in every respect was abnormal. He was a very strong-shouldered horse, possessed of a tremendous long rein, with a wonderful hind leg which gave him that remarkable leverage. Indeed, his development behind the saddle was phenomenal. He had that almost straight, powerful hind leg which all good horses have, pronounced second thigh, was very high and truly moulded over the loins, and had a beautiful intelligent head. He was slightly dipped in the back. (This dip became very pronounced in his old age.) His action was remarkable. When he galloped, his back seemed to get shorter and his legs longer. That was due to extraordinary hind leverage; his hind legs seemed to project right out in front of his forelegs. When he was going fast he galloped absolutely true, but when held in check to go half-speed, seemed to cross or 'plait' his

forelegs. He did this 'plaiting' when walking, and you could actually hear him doing it. From the time I had him as a yearling he was a constant source of worry to me in this way. As to his temperament, could any horse be kinder? But he was not without character. As long as he was not upset, he was the quietest horse in the world, and the boy leading him would have to pull him along; but if he was upset he could be a perfect devil. He was an odd fellow, too, when out for exercise. Every now and then he would stop walking with the string, and do you think you could get him to move on until he wanted to? Not likely! He would finish his look round, and then solemnly resume his walk."

His record as a sire was very good for the first seven years, after which he fell away. Altogether he sired the winners of 257 races worth £179,603/15/-. He was at the top of the sires' list in 1919, third in 1920, and third again in 1923. He was one of the very few stallions retired to the stud at four years, who succeeded in becoming the leading sire of the season. Like St. Simon, he was champion sire when his oldest offspring were three-year-olds; but there the resemblance ended, as St. Simon went on to be the leading stallion six more seasons in succession.

Such is then the brief history of one of the few unbeaten horses in the history of the Turf. Whether he would have continued his unbeaten career but for the accident which ended his racing career is, however, open to doubt. In his book, "Just My Story," the accomplished jockey, Steve Donoghue, asserted that The Tetrarch would never have won the Derby, his conformation not being suited to the strenuous Epsom course, with its ups and downs and sharp turns. But it can be said of him that, while he was on the Turf, he not only won all his races, but, again like St. Simon, was never extended.

## Coaching Versus Training in Swimming

Training and coaching methods in sport have always been the source of much argument, in swimming as great as in any other, and probably there have been greater changes in ideas in that game than in most.

Away back in the days when the old hands will have us believe swimmers were swimmers, there was far less coaching than there is to-day, and the trend of things to-day make one wonder whether swimmers are not being over-coached.

It is not so many years since a body of enthusiasts in the Amateur Swimming Association set out to lay down a standard stroke. That they failed is now history.

Summing up their quest, Norman Ross, the Yankee ex-World's Champion, stated they were on the wrong track for "if a man had the old motor in him he'd go, but if he hadn't, nothing in the world would make him a champion."

Ross unquestionably was right, for there has not been a made swimmer. Take stock of them all, and you will find that not one swims the same stroke.

Many of our coaches have been too prone to pick out the faults of youngsters and try to remedy them on a standardised plan, forgetting what is apparent to the onlooker that a drastic alteration to one part of a stroke more often than not results in an unbalancing of the whole structure, and worse errors elsewhere.

We have seen kids coached into perfect strokes from the time they

could swim, but very few have reached the top, and it is a matter for thanks that coaches to-day are coming back to the realisation that their best work can be done in teaching lads to train properly, to swim their races correctly, and to eliminate minor faults, instead of cutting into the foundation of a particular style given naturally.

Physical fitness is one of the first things to be aimed at, and particularly in Australia our swimmers have been mollycoddled into the idea that they must not do too much work, or they will go stale.

It is not so long ago that the big men here nearly fainted at the idea of swimming in indoor pools in the Winter and in the open in Summer, yet in America and other parts of the world, the champions have gone all the year round, and their preparations have been much more solid than ours, but far more scientifically ordered.

To-day the experts are agitating for indoor pools for Winter racing, and have used Tattersall's Club Pool as much as they have been able.

The truth of the matter is that here our swimmers have rarely done enough work, one shining exception being Noel Ryan, who has not spared himself, but has set himself a scientific and searching programme of training that has put him in better form than ever before.

Perhaps the greatest coaching scheme ever tried out anywhere was that of club member Jim Kendall with son Bill.

Jim's idea was that kid champions of eleven or twelve years were worked so hard in their tender years, when they were physically not fitted for such hard work that when they came to the time when big open championships were within their reach, they were all burned out.

This was endorsed by the American authorities who never hesitated to put lots of hard work into grown young men, refused to even race kids of tender years, but gradually worked them into physical fitness for their big trials.

That is just what Jim did with his son, refused to race him for years, but on a progressive and scientific scale, built him up in strength and pace so that when the time came for Bill to tackle the open championships, he won at his first attempt.

It was just tough luck that the splendid young swimmer had to undergo a serious operation in the Winter before the last Olympic Games, that put him so far back that he nearly did not compete at all, but it was a tribute to the excellence of his years of training that he was able to break the minute for the hundred metres at Berlin, a thing that no other Australian has ever done.

Despite the claims of other parts of the Globe that Australia gives too much time to sport, in swimming, at any rate, the game is treated as a sport, and very few of the lads are able to give the time to training that might get the best out of them.

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# Pool Splashes

Big event of last month was the Christmas festival held on December 22nd, when all the Swimming Club members foregathered in the Pool to wish one another all the best of seasonal greetings.

At the same time, many of them were enabled by either their swimming prowess, or good handicaps, to enlarge the family larder for the season's festivities.

As usual, there was a splendid roll-up, twenty five starters for the big event calling for five heats, the first prize, presented by George Goldie, going to Stan Carroll, reputed to have been in smoke for this important event since the last Melbourne Cup. Stan only broke his time by four seconds in the final, so he can look forward to the handicappers' frown in the very near future.

Seasonal cheer, presented by the Swimming Club and Hec. Reid, was also won by Cuth. Godhard, Bruce Hodgson, Jack Miller, Sam. Block, "Pete" Hunter, Vic. Richards and Winston Edwards.

That didn't leave too many without something to cheer them on their way, but these unfortunates contested a gruelling race six times across, and, as in 1935, popular George Goldie landed the bacon as presented by Cuth. Godhard, with Alec. Richards taking second prize, presented by the same sportsman.

## Hodgson and Godhard Tie for Point Score Big Field for Xmas Festival Headed by Carroll

During the month, there was some great racing, and the monthly point score trophy was divided by Bruce Hodgson and Cuth. Godhard.

Lyndon Johnston made a welcome re-appearance, and landed a win over 40 yards, first up, in 21 seconds. In the same event, Bruce Hodgson equalled the bath record of 18 4/8 seconds.

Best times of the month were:— 40 yards: B. Hodgson, 18 4/5 sec. and 19 sec.; V. Richards, 20 2/5 sec.; A. Richards, and L. Johnston, 21 secs.

After a couple of weeks' rest, racing has again commenced, and will continue each Thursday for heats with finals on the following Tuesday.

It is certain that in February we will have the pleasure of again seeing Kiyokawa, the Japanese ex-World's Champion backstroker, in action in the Pool.

### Dewar Cup.

The field for the valuable Dewar Cup is very closely bunched to date, and though Dave Lake has the lead, it is only by half a point from Bruce Hodgson, who has been putting a bit of polish on him. The latter's chances of landing the trophy will be prejudiced by his absence with the Surf team in New Zealand.

The leaders in the series are:—

D. Lake, 15½; B. Hodgson, 15, J. Dexter and G. Goldie, 14½; A. Pick, 13½; N. P. Murphy and G. Godhard, 12; T. H. English, 11; A. S. Block, 10; C. D. Tarrant, 9; I. Stanford, 8; W. S. Edward, 7½; J. Miller, 7; V. Richards, 6; L. Johnston, 5.

### Results.

December 1st—120 yards Brace Relay Final: B. Hodgson and G. Goldie (89) 1; N. P. Murphy and D. Tarrant (80) 2; C. Godhard and A. S. Block (79) 3. Time, 85 2/5 secs.

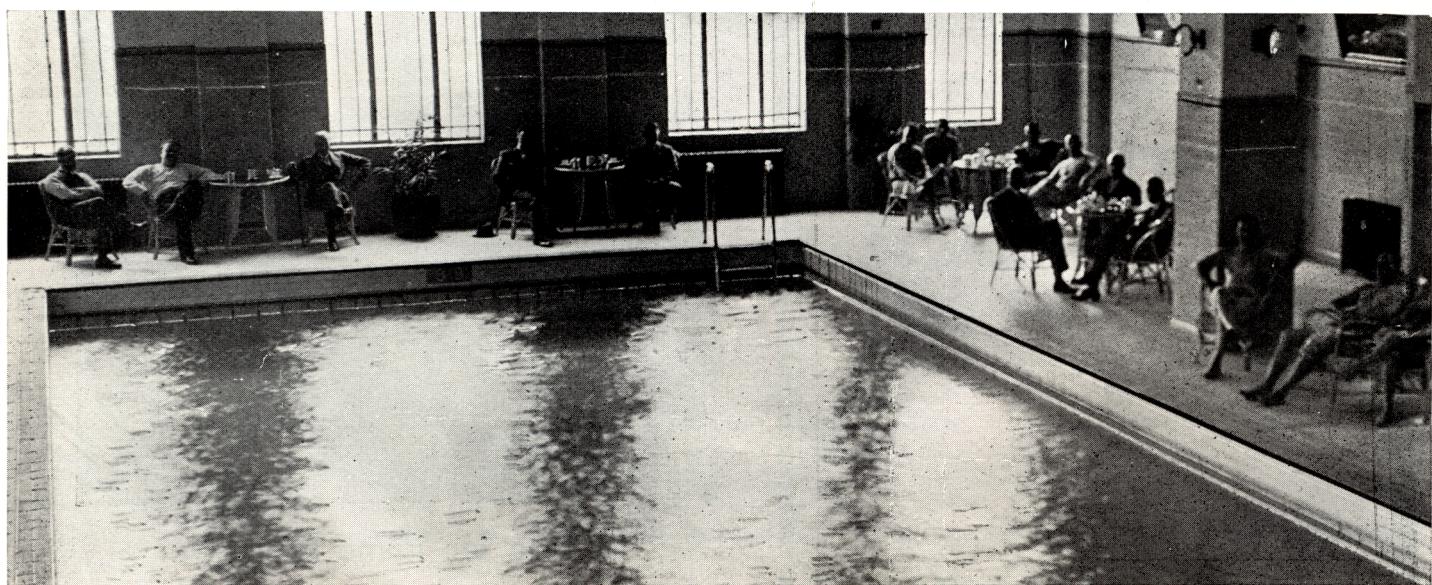
December 3rd—40 yards Handicap: L. Johnston (22) 1; B. Hodgson (20) 2; A. Richards (22) 3. Time, 21 secs.

December 10th—80 yards Handicap: C. Godhard (55) 1; A. S. Block (59) 2; D. Lake (57) 3. Time, 54 1/5 secs.

December 17th—40 yards Handicap: J. Dexter (23) and A. Richards (22), tie, 1; C. Godhard (25) 3. Time, 22 1/5 and 21 1/5 secs.

November—December Point Score: C. Godhard and B. Hodgson, 9 points, 1; G. Goldie and A. S. Block, 7, 3; D. Lake, 6½, 5; A. Pick, 5, 6; N. Murphy, J. Dexter, A. Richards, D. Tarrant and L. Johnston, 5, 7.

December—January Point Score: A. Richards and J. Dexter, 3½ points; C. Godhard, 2. (Three events yet to be swum to complete this series.)



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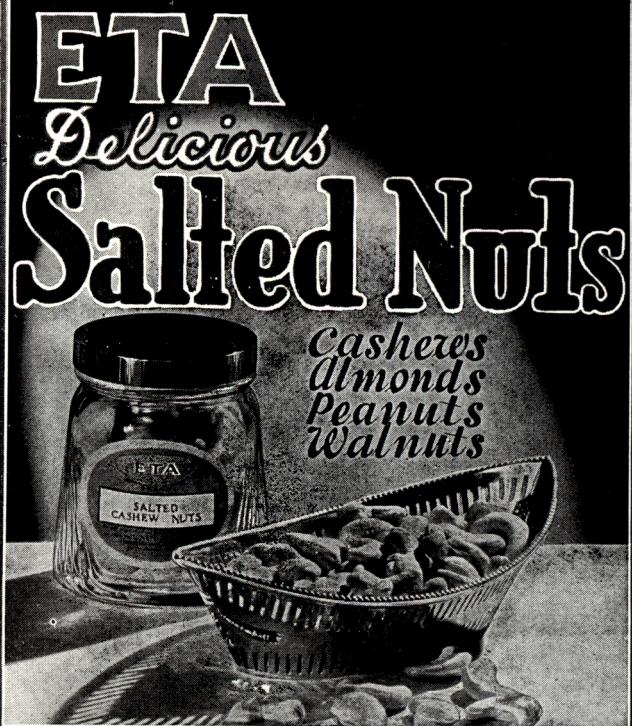
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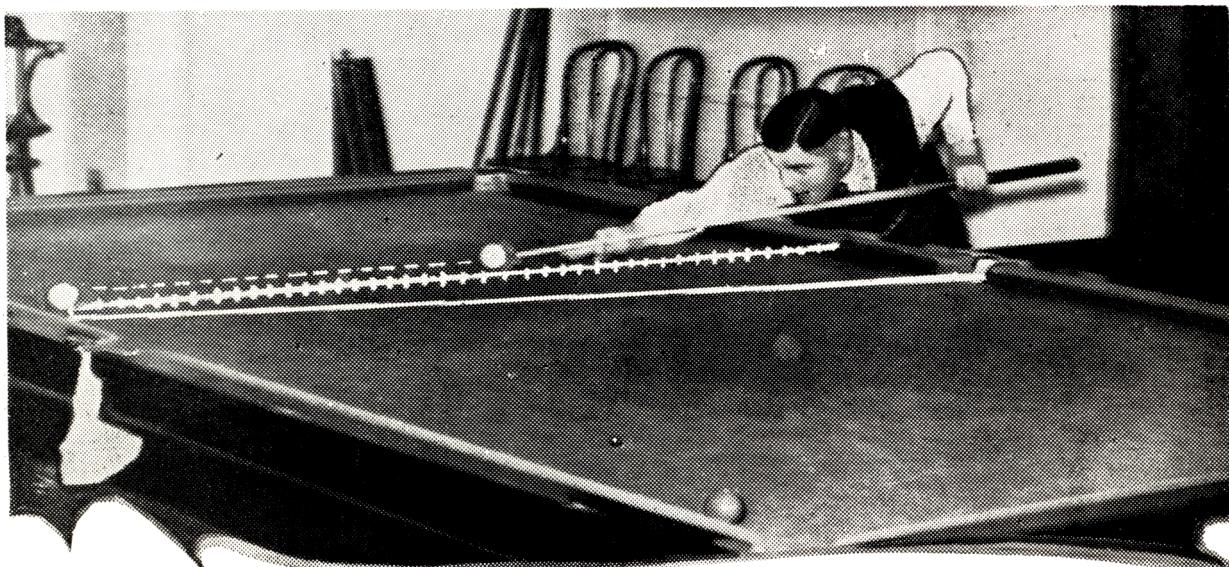
Australia's Position Reviewed — Walter Lindrum Supreme — Bobby Marshall Leads Amateur Field—Horace Lindrum Near Snooker Champion

What will 1937 bring forth for Australia in the billiard world. Probably few have noted carefully all that has happened in the year just past, but a recapitulation of events makes interesting reading. Before the official English season commenced, the Billiards and Control Council brought a new rule on the books, relative to the cue-ball crossing the baulk-line between 180 and 200 of every 200 points throughout a break. This was another tilt at the ability of Walter Lindrum, and was designed to depreciate his ability as a close-cannon player.

til, if necessary, 499 had been reached. In this manner free play for nurseries was made open for the whole journey. That, of course, was not what was intended by those responsible, and 1936 saw a change on phrasing.

Now, the cue-ball must cross the line between 180 and 200 of every 200 points—not at 180-200, 380-400, 580-600, etc., but between 180 and 200 points of the last crossing. Thus, if the line be crossed the first time at 187, the player must again execute a similar stroke between 367 and 387. He is, thus,

champion shown he is still supreme over all. Turning to the snooker world, we have to admit to playing second fiddle to our old friend Joe Davis, who definitely "has the wood" on Horace Lindrum by about seven points per game. That is the difference between them according to English experts, and, viewed in the light that Horace is in his early twenties, it does not require much imagination to visualise the time when he will sit on top of the heap of multi-ball experts. Let's hope uncle Walter still retains his cunning so that Aus-



The world's champion reduces "doubling" to a fine art. He points out that the line of incidence equals the line of reflexion. "Always remember," says Lindrum, "that a ball driven hard into a cushion will force a dent or groove, and will, as a result, throw an unnatural and narrower angle." In other words, take care to use only a modicum of force once the eye has discerned the true line of the object ball.

Previously, the rule had been worded in such a manner that players of the Lindrum, Davis, Newman type found a welcome loophole. The rule required the cue-ball to cross the baulk-line once in every 200. Strange how the wording of a sentence can make so much difference, but here's how:

Under the old rule, a player would cross the baulk-line as soon as opportunity offered, and there have been times when the first stroke in a break enabled it. Having thus fulfilled requirements for the first 200, the cueist would sail forth without interruption un-

penalised all the way through a big break.

Having scrapped the old rule, the records attaching to same were naturally rendered obsolete, and Joe Davis was the first to set a new main with 1,177 at Thurston's (London), in April last. That effort remained on the books for just ten days, when Tom Newman, at the same address, strung together 1,394, but, not to be outdone, Davis came again with 1,784, which was replied to by Walter Lindrum with 1,796 in the phenomenal time of 78 minutes, and at that the present record stands. Thus, has the world's

Australia will hold both titles conjointly.

In the amateur field, we have much cause for rejoicing. As stated very definitely in this magazine, Bobby Marshall, a newcomer into Australian amateurism, proved to be all that was said of him, and won the Empire Championship in great style, and with a remarkable average per stick of 35.

From the foregoing, we find that in three recognised sections, an Australian leads the whole field in two, whilst the third is apparently close at hand. There is no amateur snooker title.

# “Head Wanted”

by Frank Condon

So you want to know where I came across this jade ring, eh? Well, it's a present from See Wo Chong, who was Number One Boy on the old Niroba. Your remember the Niroba? I was chief steward on her for three years. Pour yourself about three fingers of that stuff and lean back, and I'll tell you about the ring.

We were running out of San Francisco. We carried a crew of a hundred Chinks under See Wo Chong, another hundred passengers, a good-sized jag of freight for the Orient, and on this trip I'm talking about we carried also Lee Kui Sin, a Chinese steerage passenger.

Lee Kui Sin was around thirty, with jet-black hair, bright snapping eyes, and he grinned all the while, like one of those pagan gods. He had on a thin white shirt, faded blue overalls and a battered old brown hat. That was Lee Kui Sin, who never stopped smiling and I may add that he had very little to smile about.

He was being deported officially by the United States Government for unlawful entry; and he was "wanted in China, whither we were escorting him. He was, we understand, being sent back home to have his head cut off neatly and with despatch.

The first day out of 'Frisco, we kept him locked up in his cabin. After that we set him free and he became an ordinary steerage passenger, roaming about the stern with the other Chinks.

Pour yourself another spot of that imported stuff.

Well, sir, everybody feels pretty sorry for Lee Kui Sin, especially the ladies. A formal delegation of broad-bosomed dames calls on our skipper, Captain Morse, and asks him if he can't do something to save the grinning culprit.

"I am just as sorry for Lee Kui as you are, ladies," he says, "but I can see nothing to do about it. Our part is simply to get him to Shanghai."

So the ladies went back to their bridge games, calling the skipper

bad names. Then we hit a storm. After it was over everybody came out to stroll in the sunshine, and among the strollers was Lee Kui Sin, still grinning widely. With two other Chinese, he paced the steerage promenade for hours.

He still wore his frayed shirt and the blue overalls, while his friends were clad in sober black. The trio walked every day. They didn't ever seem to be talking about anything. They merely walked, and upon Lee's round countenance remained the fixed grin that was as much a part of him as his hair or ears. At two o'clock every afternoon they stopped walking, probably exhausted, and went down to their little cubbyholes below.

Two days out of Yokohama, the condemned man suddenly went overboard, splashed down into the white welter of the ship's wake and the other two began yelling and screaming, jumping up and down on the deck. The cry of "Man Overboard!" ran from stern to stem and Lee's brown hat floated away on the sea behind us. Of Lee Kui Sin himself there was nothing to be seen.

Well, sir, you can imagine the ship was filled with excitement for a while, and in probably less than half a minute, Captain Morse was notified of the leap-over. He took it calmly enough and his instant decision was not to stop the Niroba, so we kept right on plugging along at eighteen knots, and Lee's bobbing brown hat faded away behind us. Of course, the skipper's decision put him in mighty bad with the passengers; and an angry delegation, mostly women, demanded an explanation.

"It would have been no use to stop and go back," he said to the committee. "When a Chinese commits suicide at sea, you can wager he carries a few weights, because he doesn't want to be picked up. As I see it, he is better off out there than he would be on deck, waiting for an executioner and an axe."

However, there was bitter complaint over the skipper's heartless conduct and the ladies voted to get

up a formal statement of the circumstances and forward it to headquarters in San Francisco, all of which did the captain no harm, as the line knows its onions.

When the Niroba arrived in Yokohama, we made an official report of the suicide to the port authorities, and cabled the information to our own office in Shanghai. This went along on top of our first radio report to Shanghai, and so they were in full possession of the facts.

We moved on to Kobe and then, three days later, up the river to Shanghai. Chinese officials came on board and were closeted with Captain Morse for half an hour; after which the axe-swing put his implement away, as there was no occasion to use it.

The voyage back to our home port was lacking in incident, and we finally laid up against the wharf about five in the afternoon of a blustery day. I was probably the last man to go ashore. The Niroba was practically abandoned, when I climbed out on the pier, and made my way through the hazy light, having in mind to grab a taxi-cab and go and see a movie.

About the first thing a man does, when he gets home after a long sea run, is to go see a movie. I felt my way along, climbed over some barrels and finally emerged near the taxi-cab stand, and when I glanced at my wrist I discovered no watch. It was down there in my cabin, lying on my bunk, and as I value the watch, I immediately started back for it, and, being in a great hurry, I didn't go back the way I had come. I went down through the crew's quarters, where the China boys eat their rice and gamble away their tips, turned a corner and right there in front of my eyes stood our old friend, Lee Kui Sin, the Chink that had dived overboard to cheat the axe. He was grinning. He gave me a startled look, popped back into a cabin and slammed the door, and in the dim distance I observed old See Wo Chong.

I walked slowly down to my cab  
(Continued on Page 19.)



OPENED BY A GOVERNOR; ILLUMINATED BY THE PRESIDENT: THE LONGEST BRIDGE SYSTEM IN THE WORLD, SHOWING THE WEST BAY SECTION, WITH SAN FRANCISCO IN THE FOREGROUND AND A VIEW OF OAKLAND IN THE BACKGROUND. YERBA BUENA ISLAND IS ON THE LEFT, IN THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE.

The huge new bridge across San Francisco Bay was opened by Mr. Frank Merriam, the Governor of California, on November 12. The same evening President Roosevelt played a part in the inaugural ceremonies, when, by pressing a button in Washington, he lit the sodium-vapour lamps which illuminate the bridge. The structure constitutes by far the longest bridge system in the world. It is 8½ miles from terminal to terminal; carries two roadways on two decks; and includes a tunnel in the middle through Yerba Buena Island. The roadway on the upper deck is divided into six traffic lanes for passenger motors only; the lower deck has three lanes for lorries and heavy motor transport, with two lines of electric trains. In the aerial view reproduced above the approach road system at the San Francisco end is seen in the right-hand lower corner. This is 4,200 ft. in length, and rises gradually from the city terminal until it joins the suspension bridge over the West Bay crossing, which passes high over the shipping in the Bay to Yerba Buena Island, seen in the middle distance on the left. The West Bay crossing is 10,450 ft. long. The two roadways run through a tunnel in the rock of the Island. From here the East Bay section, 19,400 ft. in length, curves round toward Oakland, where the roadway spreads out into a huge Toll Plaza with sixteen traffic lanes. The total estimated cost of the bridge is about £15,400,000.

## "HEAD WANTED"

*(Continued from Page 18.)*

bin, put on my watch and then pushed the button that summons our Number One Boy, and soon I could hear See Wo Chong padding down the corridor. He opened the door and blinked in at me solemnly.

"Chong," I said, "you remember China boy jump off boat just before we come Yokohama?"

"Yes, me sabe China boy."

"Well, Chong," I continued, "just remember this as coming from me: On the day that Lee Kui Sin jumped overboard, that was the very last time I ever saw him. You sabe?"

See Wo Chong broke into a slow grin and nodded. "Me, too. That day boy hop overboard, that last time me see."

Then he went out and presently I started a second time for my

movie show, passing the Chink laundry truck that carries the ship's soiled linen ashore. I understood then why the truck was waiting so soon after the steamer's arrival.

You better have another spot of that stuff. I often wondered where they made up the dummy that went over the end of the Niroba. On the next voyage west, See Wo Chong handed me this ring. It certainly is a swell little piece of jade.

# THE MOTHER STATE

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*A scene typical of the rugged nature of the Blue Mountains.*

## A GREAT MOUNTAIN BARRIER

IT was Governor Phillip who first saw the Blue Mountains and named them. And, with no knowledge of the stupendous nature of the task, despatched an expedition under the command of Lieutenant William Dawes, of the Marines, to effect a crossing and to report on the type of country which lay beyond. It was by no means so easy as was expected. After nine days, Dawes returned with a report of failure, after penetrating a distance of some fifteen miles the country had become so rugged that he was forced to return. He had found the mountains a succession of towering crags and great ravines, with dense and almost impenetrable bush reaching in every direction, and with higher mountains forever appearing ahead. It was a report that suggested that their crossing was a matter almost of impossibility. This first attempt was made in 1789, and almost twenty-five years were to elapse before success at last crowned the efforts of those who made repeated attempts to surmount this great mountain barrier, a barrier which appeared as though it would confine the growth of the colony to the narrow coastal strip.

THE next attempt was made by Captain Paterson, in 1793, when he attempted a crossing by following the Grose River. He returned after spending some days in covering but a few miles of extremely difficult country. Later in that same year Quartermaster Hacking, of the Sirius, made a similarly unsuccessful attempt. He spent ten days wandering in wild country before acknowledging defeat. The next year George Bass (whose exploration by sea was featured recently) made a desperate attempt. In some places he had iron hooks strapped to his hands and feet to assist him to climb the almost perpendicular cliffs, while he was lowered by ropes into the depths of the great ravines. Despite all this, he was compelled to return with a sorry story of failure. After this unsuccessful attempt no further efforts were made for a number of years, the belief growing that the mountains really were impassable. Conjecture was rife as to what might lie beyond them, and a number of strange beliefs had arisen. It was said by some that beyond the great mountains was a land peopled with a strange white race; by others that the mountains bordered a great inland sea; yet others suggested that all was burning, desert sands on the other side.

IN 1802, Ensign Francis Barrallier essayed what was the most successful attempt to that time, but after spending two months in a fruitless search for a route and when—though he was unaware of it—he was almost within reach of this ideal, he was forced to return to Sydney. In 1805 the noted botanist, George Cayley, made an attempt, but was forced back, as had been all others before him.

AFTER these two failures came another long period when no attempt was made; in fact, the settlement was becoming reconciled to the fact that the mountain barrier apparently was not to be passed, and had ceased to waste their energies in trying to accomplish the seemingly impossible. This state of affairs existed until the coming of Governor Lachlan Macquarie, that most energetic and progressive of the early governors, and one who was vitally interested in the progress of the colony. In the next article of this series will be told the story of the first crossing of the mountains.

## THE WONDERS OF DIET

*(Continued from Page 10.)*

ducing diet that most doctors will recommend, consisting of bananas and milk eaten exclusively for breakfast and lunch, a small yet complete supper being allowed. Milk and bananas make a fairly complete food. The drawback is that you may not be able to digest so much of them. Such a diet should be continually supervised by a doctor.

It's wrong to consider bread and potatoes as more fattening than other starchy foods. Generally speaking, it isn't the bread or potatoes that will make you fat so much as the butter you put on them. The dried forms of bread like crackers (oatmeal, graham, saltines, etc.) have about ten times as much fat (to keep them fresh) and 15 per cent. more starch than bread itself. Weight for weight, crackers are more fattening than cup cakes, layer cake or lady fingers.

A basic reducing principle with which the most conservative physician will not quarrel is simply this: Eat altogether about as much as you are accustomed to, but only enough protein (meat, fish, eggs, etc.) to supply the body's tissue needs. To keep your stomach full and thus satisfy your normal hunger, increase your ration of bulky foods (vegetables, fruits, etc.). To lose more than four or five pounds the first week of such a diet, and more than two or three pounds a week thereafter, is generally dangerous. And any diet—even such a rational one as this—should not be attempted except on a doctor's advice.

More food notions flourish in the U.S. than in any other civilised country, and most of them are wrong. Take milk—hawked around as the American *eau de vie* for so long that almost anyone will believe you if you call it the perfect food. But no doctor has yet determined whether or not anyone over a year old needs one quart of milk a day—and remember that the cow is a rare creature to most of the world's population, hence millions of human beings thrive without the benison of milk.

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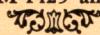
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